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Unreasonable Woman

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He sees himself reflected
in the window at Tiffany's—
sees his face in the window-
dressing: Indian king, a diamond
in his forehead, gilded elephant,
mahout with a ruby prod—he likes
what he sees: his hairline
is holding its own. He smiles,
a match for the elegant crowd
around him, and the girls,
girls with circus hips that swing
like a trapeze in a Big Top:
breasts jounce and bow. There goes
a freakish dog with a spike-heeled
showgirl in the lead. There goes
a screaming Tom O'Bedlam—a side-
show for the man in a fine suit,
on a great street at lunchtime.
“OK,” you say, “I see him,
and so what?” That's enough,
I say. Seeing is enough.

UNREASONABLE WOMAN

Sometimes, alone at home, I say into the air
“Bastard! Thieves!” or sometimes,
“I love you” to nobody, in order to hear
my voice, and to address the people
who ought to have been here, fighting
with me, whom I could resent for hemming
me in so that I could never have
this solitude. For not loving me enough,
or not appreciating my feelings.
“I love you” I say to the one
who did not believe me, who never came here,
that thief, who let my hair grow gray
without him, that bastard.